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Dripping Time Until the World Dissolves

NATE MATHERS

* Based on the paintings *The Persistence of Memory* and *The Disintegration of the Persistence of Memory* by Salvador Dali.

Tick... Tock... Time floats still
as the inanimate air sways in the endless void.
The pale horizon starts to creep up on the
cold, dead hopeless terrain.

The faces of time slowly sag over the spineless,
branches and cubic bricks that stand valiantly.
You wander through this endless space,
not knowing where the sunlight will take you.

Then your heart starts to rumble,
it wails with the high pitch of a banshee.
Fractures start to plague the once subtle ground,
as the once peaceful world becomes chaotic.

Fractures split the crust like wrinkles
on a face of a fragile human.
Time starts seeping into the cracks
of the eternal abyss.

The world becomes a surreal backdrop.
Time has no presence on reality anymore.
You have no grip on reality.
You have no grip on anything.

Your world has now crumbled.
Nothing exists.
Just darkness.
Everything is empty.